That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no ſeruice on her ſorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſimpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliſſe.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy ſonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King, he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſonnes aliue,
And that ſhall be the raunſome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Ranen ſing ſo like a Larke,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vpriſe?
With all my hart, Ile ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne,
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſaue my brothers liues.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting deſtruction on the enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it ſerue
To raunſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree whoſe hand ſhall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand ſhall goe.
Lucius. By heauen it ſhall not goe.

Titus

Titus. Sirs ſtriue no more, ſ
Are meete for plucking vp, an
Lucius. Sweet Father, if I ſhal
Let me redeeme my brothers
Marcus. And for our fathers
Now let me ſhow a brothers lo
Titus. Agree betweene you,
Lucius, Then Ile goe fetch a
Marc. But I will vſe the Ax
Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile
Lend me thy hand, and I will
Moore. If that be cald deceit,
And neuer whilſt I liue deceiu
But Ile deceiue you in another
And that youle ſay ere halfe a

Hee cuts off T

Enter Lucius and A

Titus. Now ſtay your ſtrife,
Good *Aron* giue his Maieſtie n
Tell him it was a hand that war
From thouſand dangers: bid h
More hath it merrited: That
As for my ſonnes, ſay I accoun
A ſiewels purchaſt at an eaſie
And yet deere too, becauſe I b
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and
Looke by and by to haue thy
Their heads I meane: Oh how
Doth fat me with the very tho
Let fooles doe good, and faire
Aron will haue his ſoule black

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.